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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A young girl, Daisy, roller skates frantically through a desolate city street, constantly looking behind her toward a crowd of moaning and stumbling silhouettes. She navigates through the bodies that litter the street, clutching a BABY DOLL tightly to her chest.

BLAKELY (V.O.)

Good morning, America. If you've stepped outside this morning, you've probably already noticed.

Daisy looks behind her and sees more zombies.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

The streets are overrun by flesh-eating zombies. Perhaps you've been infected yourself. In either case, we hope you'll stay with us for this morning's zombie special. My guest is Mayor Jenkins, who urges citizens *not* to kill the zombies. Why? We'll tell you after a quick check of the weather. Tom?

As Daisy nears an intersection, another mob of zombies pours out from both sides.

Now trapped between two mobs of zombies, she turns back, legs pumping hard, to reach an alley way. She hears a baby cry and turns back to find she's dropped her doll, and the zombies are fast surrounding it.

DAISY

Sally!

Daisy rushes back toward the doll. She slides and grabs its head just as a zombie grabs its body. Several other zombies creep in. She is surrounded.

In a blur of movement, an African-American zombie fighter, Rocky, grabs the girl and runs. The girl comes away with only the DOLL'S HEAD. The zombies surround the doll, which continues to emit a life-like cry.

With Daisy in his arms, Rocky runs past the glass wall of

BLAKELY'S STUDIO

catching the attention of Blakely and the mayor, who sit together on a couch. On the other side of the glass, zombies moan and pound on the glass. Some carry signs for the show.

BACK TO SCENE:

Rocky runs with Daisy toward the cemetery, looming just outside the city atop a hill.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

JACK and CHERYL hide behind tombstones, picking off zombies as they come through the cemetery.

Cheryl spies a male zombie in the pack.

CHERYL

Oh my god.

Jack turns to look at her.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I used to date that guy in the blue cap. Long before we dated.

JACK

Which guy? This guy?

Jack finds the zombie with his scope and pulls the trigger.

CHERYL

You always were the jealous type.

JACK

Honey, I'm breathin' and he's not. I'm hardly jealous. Now let's see if we can find any more of your old flames.

Peering through the scope, Jack surveys the zombies, picking them off one by one. He comes across Rocky, who carries the girl close to his chest. The doll's head still dangles from the girl's hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well I'll be damned. He made it back.

CHERYL

Rocky! Clear him a path.

Jack's message comes through on Rocky's radio as he carries the girl.

JACK (O.S.)
Come straight at us, Rock. We got
ya' covered.

Rocky sprints up the hill, leaping over the zombies that drop like flies in front of him. He finally reaches the top and slumps down with Daisy next to his partners.

ROCKY
Guys, this is Daisy.

Jack turns to reload. He nods to the girl with a smirk.

JACK
A pleasure, my dear.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Blakely and Mayor Jenkins sit on the studio's plush couch, sipping from their coffees. They put their cups down as the interview begins.

BLAKELY
Mayor Jenkins, can you tell us
where these mindless creatures came
from?

MAYOR JENKINS
It's election season. Mindless
creatures are out in full force.
Look, wherever they came from, one
thing is clear. Their votes matter.

BLAKELY
You're kidding, right? How do you
expect these things to vote?

MAYOR JENKINS
I've already proposed a law making
it illegal to kill a zombie unless
in self-defense. Most are really
pretty harmless.

BLAKELY
Well after being down in the
streets with them, Mayor Jenkins, I
can tell you they saw me as nothing
more than a piece of meat.

Mayor Jenkins imagines Blakely in her bikini, her hair blowing in the wind. She licks her lips. He snaps out of it.

MAYOR JENKINS

A piece of meat, right. Hey, what are you doing later?

BLAKELY

Well, later I'll be checking in on the zombie fighters. What are your thoughts on the fighters, Mayor?

The Mayor turns red with anger.

MAYOR JENKINS

Murderers, every one of 'em. They're killing my votes! Er, my voters!

He spins around and points to the glass behind them.

MAYOR JENKINS (CONT'D)

Look at them. They're hungry. Hungry for change. 'Brains, brains,' they chant. They crave a smart leader, and I can be that for them.

Mayor Jenkins turns back to the camera.

MAYOR JENKINS (CONT'D)

I'll make sure anyone caught killing a zombie is subject to the fullest extent of the law.

BLAKELY

So what should someone do when attacked by a zombie, Mayor.

MAYOR JENKINS

Use equal force. They want to bite your neck, you bite theirs right back. But I highly doubt a zombie's going to come at you with a sawed-off shotgun. Do unto others, right?

Mayor Jenkins places his hand on Blakely's knee. She promptly pushes it away.

INT. MAD DOCTOR D'S LAB - DAY

Blakely's newscast runs across a television in Mad Doctor D's lab. Beakers of liquid bubble on a table; Electrical rods spark and zap, flashing light across the lab's rock walls.

BLAKELY

Though the zombies are great in number, this small band of fighters has had no problem decimating the creatures. It is expected they could have the streets cleared for rush hour traffic.

Mad Doctor D smashes a glass beaker full of bubbling liquid to the floor.

MAD DOCTOR D

Bartleby! Get in here now!

The sound of one footstep, followed by something dragging on the floor. Repeat. A strange hump moves from behind the top of a sofa like a shark fin through water. A hunchback sidekick finally emerges from the side of the couch, dragging one leg. An electrical rod POPS.

BARTLEBY

Yes, master!

Mad Doctor D shakes his head, unamused. Bartleby stands up straight with a look of shame and removes a pillow from his back.

BARTLEBY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was just watching Young Frankenstein upstairs.

MAD DOCTOR D

Well I was just watching a group of fighters strike down our killing machines!

BARTLEBY

That sounds pretty good, too.

MAD DOCTOR D

Do you have Plan B?

BARTLEBY

Sure, chief.

Bartleby reaches in to his coat pocket and tosses a syringe to Mad Doctor D, who catches it carefully, trying to dodge the needle.

MAD DOCTOR D
Aren't you people supposed to be
subservient?

BARTLEBY
I'm your bitch, sir.

Mad Doctor D inspects the syringe, which reads: "GIGANTO VIRUS." He smiles a wide, evil smile.

MAD DOCTOR D
A substance so strong, it's been
banned by virtually every major
sport: Basketball! Hockey!
Football!

BARTLEBY
Baseball!

MAD DOCTOR D
Actually, they still use it.

The two laugh maniacally.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

As the fighters continue to decimate the zombie crowd, Rocky sits in a corner with Daisy, who strokes the doll's head in a daze. Daisy looks at the guns, their barrels flashing.

DAISY
Do you have to kill them?

ROCKY
Daisy, sometimes bad people *have* to
die. *Twice*.

Daisy jumps at the sound of a grenade exploding.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
But I'll tell you a little secret.

Rocky pulls a small white salt shaker from his belt. He turns it upside down and shakes it. Salt comes out.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
You don't always have to shoot
them.

Jack looks back while shooting, rolls his eyes and nudges Cheryl.

JACK
Here we go again.

Rocky waves his hand as if to dismiss the comment. Turns back to Daisy.

ROCKY
It's tough, but if you can get salt
in a zombie's mouth, it'll go back
to the grave.

CHERYL
Salt kills zombies. Garlic kills
vampires. Man, seasonings are some
dangerous shits.

JACK
Yeah Rocky, this ain't some 1920s
voodoo zombie movie. These things
are dangerous.

He looks back at Rocky.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ain't you ever seen a Romero flick?

The action dies down as the last of the zombies are killed. A call comes through for support on the other side of town. Jack and Cheryl take off on jet packs.

Rocky places the salt shaker in Daisy's hand. She forces a smile.

ROCKY
It works. If you love the person
and want them to go to their grave
in peace, it works.

Daisy hugs Rocky, their bodies silhouettes against a pale moon.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

BARTLEBY
Do we really have to do this here?
It's so cliché. It might as well be
a dark and stormy night.

Thunder crackles and lightning flashes.

MAD DOCTOR D

It's not about the ambience. I've told you: the Giganto virus only works if the victim is placed underground. The seed must be planted.

An empty grave.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Despite their firepower, the fighters are overcome by zombies. They are on the verge of entering the room; their outstretched arms reach in toward the fighters. Cheryl uses her samurai sword to chop off several appendages, spraying the room with blood. Jack uses a pistol to fire a couple point blank shots into the zombie's foreheads.

CHERYL

Rocky, we've gotta get out of here!

ROCKY

You guys go, I'm right behind you.

Cheryl and Jack turn to Rocky, nod, and jump onto the window ledge. They fire a few shots before starting up their jet packs and taking off. Rocky turns to Daisy, who is visibly scared, and opens a door in the corner of the room.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Listen, Daisy. I need you to hide in here for a few minutes. Do not open it unless I tell you, understand?

Tears stream down Daisy's face. She nods. Rocky ushers her into the room and shuts the door. He turns to face the ever-increasing crowd of zombies pouring into the room. He opens fire on them, taking out several. But they're too much for him. They swarm on top of him, knocking him to the ground. He pulls a pistol out and aims it toward the crowd. Click. No ammo.

Just as the zombies descend upon him, shots are fired from the street, hitting several zombies. The zombies turn, distracted, and are shot down until finally none are standing. The room is a pile of bodies, with Rocky shaken.

Mad Doctor D and Bartleby crouch over Rocky.

MAD DOCTOR D

A little thin, but you put up a
good fight. You'll do nicely.

Mad Doctor D inserts the syringe into Rocky's neck. Rocky winces in pain, and all goes black. The two drag Rocky from the room.

All's quiet for a moment before Daisy opens the door. She clutches the salt shaker tightly in her right hand.

DAISY

Rocky?

She sees the zombies on the floor.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Where'd you go, Rocky?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The cemetery sits atop a hill, with the city looming in the background. A small backhoe sits just inside the cemetery's gates.

Mad Doctor D and Bartleby pull up in their black SUV. They pull Rocky out and swing him into an empty grave. Bartleby pushes dirt over the grave with the backhoe.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Daisy skates through the city calling out for Rocky. Much like the opening scene, she dodges bodies. Zombies moan throughout.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A cemetery caretaker, CHUCK, straightens flowers as he patrols the cemetery.

CHUCK

Strange. I don't remember covering
up the Johnson grave.

A man in a white shirt and black suit stumbles through the tombstones toward Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Maybe that guy did it. That guy did
 it? You crazy? They're coming to
 get you Barbara, and all that jazz!

His eyes dart around nervously as the man continues toward
 him.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 You're scared, aren't you? All
 these years working in a cemetery,
 and you're still scared.

Chuck shakes his head.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 I ain't scared. Yeah right.
 You know they're coming to get you,
 B--

Without warning, Rocky bursts from the grave, sending dirt
 and debris flying. The dust settles to reveal a gigantic,
 muscular zombie bearing little resemblance to Rocky. He
 dwarfs the cemetery backhoe, which he picks up and flips. He
 then grabs the Chuck in one hand and bites him in the neck
 before flinging him to the ground. Rocky roars loudly before
 heading for the city at breakneck speed.

Chuck lies on the ground, groaning.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 I *told* you they were coming to get
 you.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mayor Jenkins speeds down a city street, his car radio
 blaring. He spies a group of zombies with picket signs up
 ahead. He squints to read the signs.

MAYOR JENKINS
 Roberts for Mayor? Fuck you!

Mayor Jenkins swerves into the crowd, taking out several
 zombies and sending signs flying. He laughs maniacally. He
 stops laughing when he sees Rocky come around the corner.
 Rocky turns to look at Mayor Jenkins, who skids to a stop.

MAYOR JENKINS (CONT'D)
 Holy shit! You are huge. Like
 electoral college huge!

The monster charges Mayor Jenkins, who throws the car in reverse and mashes the gas pedal. Rocky is faster, however, and he grabs the car's front bumper. The Mercedes' wheels spin, issuing smoke from the back tires. Still grabbing the front bumper, Rocky spins the Mercedes a few times before flinging it into a building. He takes off down the street again, leaving a pile of flaming wreckage in his wake.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Daisy, still skating through the street, hears Mayor Jenkins's car explode.

DAISY

Rocky! Where are you Rocky!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jack and Cheryl shooting over the hood of a car at a small group of zombies. Jack counts down each shot as he picks them off, one by one.

JACK

Five, four, three, two and one.

All the zombies are down. He and Cheryl turn and slump down against the car.

JACK (CONT'D)

That seems to be all of them. I wish Rocky were here for this. Maybe he would have sprinkled some paprika on those bastards.

Rocky walks into the background, his steps loud on the street. Jack and Cheryl hear them and peer just above the car's hood.

CHERYL

Uh, Jack, that *is* Rocky.

The two duck back down. Rocky loads his gun.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

What are you doing? That's our partner out there!

JACK

Not anymore he's not. He's one of *them*.

Jack pops up from behind the car. Rocky looks at him quizzically. Jack's finger on the trigger; a tense moment.

AROUND THE CORNER

Daisy peers out at Rocky from an alleyway. She recalls Rocky's previous words.

ROCKY (V.O.)
If you love the person and want
them to go to their grave in peace,
it works.

The girl pours out a handful of salt and rubs it over her skin. Gunfire from down the street.

Jack fires off a large machine gun at Rocky, but the bullets only make the monster angry. He roars and beats his chest before charging down the street.

Before he can get there, Daisy steps out in front of him, stopping him in his tracks.

CHERYL
Hold up, the girl's out there.

JACK
Well isn't this a nice reunion.

The monster reaches down toward the girl and strokes her hair.

DAISY
Rocky? You got big Rocky!

Mad Doctor D and Bartleby screech to a stop behind Rocky in their SUV. Mad Doctor D gets out and runs over to the monster.

MAD DOCTOR D
You've got to be fucking kidding
me! You gonna kiss her, too?

Mad Doctor D touches his fingers to his mouth frantically: sign language for eat.

MAD DOCTOR D (CONT'D)
Eat the damn girl! Eat her!

The monster looks confused. Mad Doctor D kicks him in the shin. Angered, the monster grabs the girl by the head and lifts her up high, dangling her over his gaping mouth.

He lowers her down into his mouth and begins devouring her, feet first.

CHERYL

Oh, fuck! Oh my God!

Jack and Cheryl fire their automatic weapons at the monster, but to no avail. He moans while eating her. Mad Doctor D notices the salt shaker fall from the girl's hand.

MAD DOCTOR D

No! She's covered in salt! No, put her down you big--

Cheryl puts a bullet between Mad Doctor D's eyes. Bartleby runs off.

The monster now holds in his hand only the girl's head, which looks back at him, eyes wide open. The monster moans and weeps. He roars toward Jack and Cheryl. Jack aims his gun at the monster. Cheryl pushes his gun down gently.

CHERYL

No. Let him go. He was right. It works.

Cheryl nods to the monster, which, still carrying the girl's head in his hand, has turned around in the direction of the cemetery. Jack nods.

JACK

It works.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The monster returns to his grave, slowly climbs in and lays down. He places Daisy's head on his chest and weeps softly as he strokes her hair.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) The doll's head, still in the room's dark corner.
- B) The doll's body, on the street and still "crying."

BACK TO SCENE

Rocky's eyes close, Daisy's stay open as they look skyward. As snow falls, so too does darkness. The robotic sound of the doll crying continues to cry as the screen fades to black.

FADE OUT: